

poor steve by femmesteve

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

Billy got hard just from listening to Steve ramble on to him as though he cared. Steve's eyes got big and sad and his pretty mouth pushed down in a wine stained frown. The tipsier he got, the more likely he was to cry and crawl closer to Billy for comfort. Hands gripping his shirt as he warbled and pressed his wet face to Billy's neck.

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Author's Note:

Dex brings out the absolute worst in me. :(He's like the devil on my shoulder telling me to write up fucked up, delicious Harringrove.

Come say hi on Tumblr! I take prompts!:
@FemmeSteve

Steve's big house was always empty, silent and lonely and a little bit spooky at night. Billy was always first in line to be his friendly company, though. Steve was so sweet and vulnerable on those particular nights, telling Billy miserably how he wished his parents wouldn't stay gone so long. He always had an expensive bottle of wine to share, never chastised Billy for not using a glass. Always let Billy bring a tape from his car and put it in his parent's expensive living room player.

Billy got hard just from listening to Steve ramble on to him as though he cared. Steve's eyes got big and sad and his pretty mouth pushed down in a wine stained frown. The tipsier he got, the more likely he was to cry and crawl closer to Billy for comfort. Hands gripping his shirt as he warbled and pressed his wet face to Billy's neck.

Billy would kiss his hair, rub his back beneath his shirt as though he was a fucking girl and let him cry. Eventually, Steve would dry it up and let Billy pin him to the couch and stick a hand down his pants.

Billy liked sad, horny Steve because he let Billy be mean to him. He let Billy shove his fingers into his mouth and gag him on them. He loved to force them in deep and watch Steve cough up red dribble that smelled sweet like his breath. He let Billy call him terrible names and make fun of him for crying. For moaning like a little girl and

lookin' like one too. For spreading his legs too easily like the lonely whore he was.

"Always call me over and treat me like I'm your boyfriend or something," Billy would say, rubbing his cock on Steve's mouth, "Cry and whine, "Billy, I'm so spoiled and my parents leave me the fuck alone for too long, come over and keep me company," He'd snarl.

Steve would whimper and hold his mouth open, tongue out like Billy taught him. He was so good. Billy would never tell him that though. He liked Steve to be constantly hungry for his approval, eyes wide as he did everything right. Seeking and asking, warm and brown. Sweet, syrupy, pretty eyes.

"You want your daddy?" Billy would ask in a faux concerned voice, deceptively kind as he pet Steve's face, "Daddy leave you again, baby?"

Steve nodded and blinked at Billy with his glazed, teary eyes. Billy sighed out and stuck his thumb in Steve's mouth. Steve began to suck on it obediently.

"You don't need him, pumpkin," Billy reassured, watching tears fall from Steve's face as he stared up at him, mouth full, "Tell me why," He commanded.

Steve let Billy's thumb fall from his mouth, but he was quick to grab Billy's hand and place his open palm on his cheek. He sighed out and closed his eyes, "Because you're here.."

“That’s right,” Billy took his hand back and snagged Steve’s hair with it, tilting his head back, “Billy’s here,” He nuzzled Steve’s neck and inhaled deeply, “Always gonna be here.”

Steve’s lips parted on an exhale, eyes sliding closed again as Billy kissed his neck. He always arched away when Billy got rough, biting hard at the soft flesh of his throat. Billy never let him squirm too much, holding tight to his hair and arm. He did whatever the fuck he wanted, and Steve always gave up and let him. Let Billy give him angry marks on his skin that everyone would see in the locker rooms.

“Are you mine, Harrington?” Billy would ask, voice thick with arousal as he fisted Steve’s dick.

“Yeah,” Steve would respond in a short gasp, nodding his head.

It was around that time of the night that Billy could make Steve say anything he wanted. He’d be too drunk and so greedy for Billy’s fingers and attention and Billy would be so fucking in love with the way Steve hooks his legs around his neck. Calls him *daddy* and begs him to keep going. Sounds so fucking pathetic as he moans in Billy’s ear.

“Say pretty please,” Billy would groan out, so fucking hard and so fucking whipped, “Stupid whore,” He’d grunt.

“Pretty please,” Steve would whimper back, humping his own palm as Billy drives himself in deep.

“Say you’re mine.”

“I’m yours!”

“Call me daddy again,” Billy would be so fucking close, grip tight on Steve’s neck, squeezing just to watch Steve’s eyes bug out and his mouth open wide.

“Daddy,” Steve would sob out raggedly, chest bobbing.

“Fuck,” Billy would hiss and come hard, squeezing Steve’s throat in his hand.

Steve would squeeze around Billy’s cock as he came in his hand, crying and practically choking on his own spit. He’d look up at Billy as though he adored him, looking like a drunk idiot. Billy would scowl and pull out, letting jizz fall onto Steve’s couch.

Billy would let Steve kiss him before he left, let him try and convince him to stay, whispering in his ear that he could be good for him again. That he’d do anything for him, that he fucking *loved* him and Billy would push him off and tell him to go the fuck to bed.